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## MODERN SPARTANS.

THE southern point of Greece terminates in a promontory which gradually narrows, and plunges into the sea like a sharp arrow. Surrounded by reefs, against which a furious sea is ever roaring, it claims the dark renown of devouring ships and sailors. The coast, only too famous in the history of piracy, presents an aspect of complete desolation: sharp arid rocks, burned by the fierce sun, disclose here and there a narrow valley, where lies a small village; and on the overhanging precipices are ancient fortresses, perched like eagles' nests, some dismantled, others still entire. Nor is the interior of the country less severe in its aspect: it would seem as if the hand of the Cyclops had overthrown and ravaged this part of the world; the bare rocks rise in most fanciful forms, here clothed with the brightest colours, there with dark hues, according as they are exposed to burning heat or plunge into deep valleys. The district is known by the name of Kakovouli, or 'the land of evil counsel,' which is fully justified by the fierce natures and love of brigandage developed among the wild tribes of these uncultivated regions. Farther north, nature somewhat softens; the myrtle and oleander grow in the dry bed of torrents; woods of olive and evergreen oak relieve the wearied eye, and the mulberry ripens in the plains up to the foot of Mount Taygetus. This grand and inaccessible mass of rocks, always covered with snow, bounds the country of the Mainotes, and divides it from the rest of the Peloponnesus.

Nevertheless, the people occupy an important place in the annals of modern Greece. They regard themselves as the direct descendants of the Spartans; there is not a man who does not believe in his descent from the children of Lycurgus and Leonidas. To dispute it would be a mortal injury, and there is every reason to believe their pretensions correct. The tradition of the country, which is acknowledged by all Greeks; an idiom composed of ancient words and peculiarities; together with the testimony of many travellers, confirm it. It is a matter of history that, fleeing before the deluge

of barbarians who invaded the Morea during the later period of the Greek empire, the Spartans abandoned their homes, and withdrew into the caverns and rocks of this region; and from the most ancient times, up to the war for Greek independence, the assemblies of their chiefs always called themselves in the political acts, 'the Senate of Lacedæmon.'

It is impossible to pass through the country without remarking the number of defensive works with which the Mainotes have protected their much menaced independence. The highest rocks, the entrances to the defiles, the inaccessible precipices, are alike covered with fortifications. Thus they give their country the name of Polypyrgos, meaning the many towers. Some of these are simply a tower of two stories; whilst others are strong castles, where the impoverished remnants of old families still reside. The people themselves, who have lived for ages in a warlike attitude, cannot accustom themselves to peace. They wander around these old fortresses like soldiers weighed down by inaction. Each man professes a religious worship for his arms, and his pride is to adorn them with the richest ornaments: the carving and setting of even a peasant's gun would rouse the envy of an amateur. In this warlike accoutrement, a mixture of richness and misery, the Mainote never laughs, and speaks little; it is one of the traits which distinguish him from the talkative denizen of Attica. His manly face is full of pride and vague sadness, and on his brow may be read his legitimate pride in the antiquity of his race, and the uninterrupted duration of his independence, as well as the suffering which he has endured to secure it.

Every castle has its legend of heroic or barbarous deeds. It is not long since the last of the noble family of Capetanakis, Anastasonli, lived in one, perched on the highest peak of the country. He was a perfect type of those unconquerable châteaux, whose barbarous manners and taste for anarchy have so much retarded the civilisation of this country. After having distinguished himself for bravery in the war of independence, he returned

to his seigneurial residence, to give himself up to his savage temper. He began by killing his wife, whom he accused of infidelity; and a short time after, in consequence of an unimportant quarrel, relieved himself in the same way of an unhappy foreigner who had attached himself to his fortunes. Henceforward, he lived alone, without any companionship but that of a large dog, which was the terror of the neighbourhood, and whose ferocious appetite could eat a whole sheep at a meal. The only entrance to his abode was by a window on the first story by means of a ladder, that the master put out to those whom he chose. Profiting by the disturbances which then reigned in the country, he demanded a ransom from all who passed through the narrow defiles around. When he meditated a blow in a more distant region, he hung out a flag, at which signal all the idle people collected around him, and joined in the expedition. On their return, the booty was divided, and the castle resounded with unaccustomed tumult, soon falling back into its desolate silence. When order was established in Greece, Anastasonli was obliged to relinquish his depredations, and scarcely ever left his keep—'disgusted,' as he said, 'with the ingratitude which had been shewn for all the efforts he had made for liberty.' As he had lived alone, so he died; some said of a fever, others from a mysterious *vendetta*.

When a boy is born in a village, the firing of pistols lasts for hours, and sometimes days, as a mark of rejoicing. The father comes into the street, and shoots, to announce the event; and all his friends, at whatever hour of the night, think it necessary to respond. The baby is washed in a decoction of aromatic plants, and powdered with crushed salt, pepper, and myrtle leaves. At its baptism, the priest takes a morsel of wax from the altar lights, cuts a few hairs from its head, and fastening them together, passes them through the baptismal water: this amulet is worn round the neck as a protection from the evil-eye, a fear which haunts the superstitious imagination of every Greek. The child's cradle is a sheepskin; two cords fixed at the extremities serve to hang it against the wall when in the house, and round the mother's neck when in the fields. Thus, a woman may be seen carrying the baby and a fagot of wood on her back, whilst her hands are busy spinning in time of peace, or holding a gun when the country is disturbed. She brings up her boy with the story of his ancestors' exploits, and soon teaches him to make the rough gunpowder of the country. At twelve he handles his gun, and joins the men: to fire with a certain aim; never to count the numbers of the enemy; to defend himself to the death behind the towers or intrenchments—such are the tactics he is taught. An immemorial custom, derived from the Spartans, interdicts their pursuing an enemy after conquering him; thus saving them from the ambushes into which the Turks would often have drawn them.

Their code of morals may be reduced to a few primitive formulas: thus runs their catechism, as it was explained to M. Yemeniz, who has inquired diligently into their manners and customs. 'Who are you?' asks some one of a young Mainote. 'A free man.' 'On what do you found your liberty?' 'On the remembrance of my ancestors.' 'Who were they?' 'The Spartans.' 'What are the duties of a Mainote?' 'To respect old men and

women; to succour my parents; to be slow to promise, and faithful to my word; to revenge injuries; to love liberty, even to the death, as the highest of blessings.' Every act of cowardice receives universal reprobation; the heroism of the Spartan mothers survives in one of the local customs. In time of war, after a battle, the clothes of the dead are presented to the mothers; if they find that they have been gloriously wounded in the breast, they weep, put on mourning, and treasure their guns; but if, on the contrary, they have turned their back on their enemy, they burn the cowards' arms and clothes, and shed not a tear. By a strange generosity, the parents of a murdered son will, when they grow old, and unable to sustain their military honour, discover the retreat of the murderer, invite him to a banquet, when the members of both families are present, and say: 'You have deprived me of my son; I call upon you to replace him; from this moment I adopt you.'

When the country was desolated by the rival families of the Mavromichalis and Mourzinos, a romantic episode occurred, which is often told in the country. The former family having gone to celebrate Easter at one of their more distant castles, the Mourzinos profited by the occasion to attack their usual residence, and carried off Giovanni Mavromichalis, a boy of twelve years old, giving him up to the Turks. He was taken to Constantinople, and thrown into the dungeons of the Seven Towers; the Turks hoping that this precious hostage would make his family more submissive. Some years after, Iatrakis, a captain of Bardounia, went to Zante with his daughter, a girl of remarkable beauty. A Maltese corsair attacked them on the sea; the father was killed, and the girl sold to the seraglio. Her family had from time immemorial possessed certain medical receipts, which were secretly transmitted from parent to child. It happened that, when Iatrakis' daughter was brought to Constantinople, the sultan was attacked by fever, which none of his physicians could conquer. The young girl offered to cure him on the condition that, if successful, a request she had to make should be granted. Her proposition was accepted; she prepared a medicine according to the family formulas, and succeeded in saving the royal invalid. As the price of this benefit, she asked for her own liberty and that of one of the Greek captives whom she should choose for her husband. She was led into the dungeons where so many of her compatriots lay groaning: by his tall stature, the nobility and pride of his features, she soon recognised the son of the Mavromichalis. His chains were struck off; and both, by order of the sultan, were restored to their country with due honour.

The young man thus rescued played no unimportant part in his country's history. After various heroic deeds, which left three large scars on his face, he, at the age of sixty, led the Mainotes to the siege of Coron, conjointly with Dolgorouki and four hundred Russians. The enterprise failed through a misunderstanding; and when Dolgorouki reproached the Greek leader, Mavromichalis haughtily replied: 'Do you, who are but a woman's slave, dare to speak here as if you were a master? You have allowed us to be massacred, and sheltered yourself behind our ranks. I am the chief of a free people, and were I the last of

the Mainotes, my head would be worth twice as much as thine.' He had the generosity to cover the retreat of the Russians; and, for three days, opposed an enemy ten times as numerous as his own little band. At last he shut himself up with twenty-two men—all that remained—in a castle, where he was surrounded by two thousand Turks, and defended himself for ten days. The Turks gave up the contest in despair, but threw a final shot into the castle, which set fire to it. Out of the smoking ruins but two living beings escaped, covered with wounds and blood—they were Mavromichalis, and a very young boy, his son, who, in after years, was the celebrated Petro Bey, proclaimed king of the Mainotes in 1811.

The influence of his family made this event seem like a defiance to the Turks, and the Capitán-pacha recommended him to send one of his sons to the sultan, as a hostage for his fidelity. He called his six sons to him, and repeated this advice, saying: 'I must obey, for we are not yet ready to revenge ourselves on the enemy; one of you must be sacrificed.' They all declared themselves willing. There was in his household an old blind priest; he was sent for, and desired to place his hand on one of them. It was laid upon Constantine. 'Go without fear, my child,' said the father; 'God deprives me of you to-day, but to-morrow you will be restored to your country.' After some years of captivity, Constantine escaped, and reappeared just at the time when the war of independence broke out. During the whole period of this national struggle, the Mavromichalis shewed heroic courage—forty-nine in all fell gloriously on the field of battle. The Bey's eldest son, who is said to have been the handsomest man that Greece ever saw, was surprised in a windmill in Euboea; and, remaining the sole survivor of his troop, he mounted on the roof, cried aloud: 'Dogs of Turks! you shall never take the life of a son of Petro Bey;' and passed his sabre through his heart. Another son, who is never named without recalling his wonderful moustaches, which he could tie behind his head, defended himself for many days in a small village. At last, feeling his end near, and covered with wounds, he distributed his arms to his followers, and entreated them, when he was dead, to cut off his head, that it might not fall into the hands of the Turks—an act that was not necessary, as Botzaris came to the relief, and carried off the mortal remains of their chief.

When Greece was finally pacified, the personal dreams of ambition which the Mavromichalis had cherished were destroyed by the emancipation of their country. Their land became a simple province; and though Petro Bey was elected a senator, he always considered himself as a dispossessed sovereign. The influence of the ancient and powerful House, whose annals offer a dark mixture of heroism and barbarism, of patriotic virtues and crime, still survives; and one of its members now represents this province in the National Assembly of Athens.

It is sad to think that the district has lost nothing of its savage physiognomy; the passions, ignorance, and prejudices of former days still rule it; family quarrels and *vendetta*, with intestine wars, desolate it, and brigandage there recruits its most audacious bands. There is one redeeming feature: whilst in the rest of Greece woman is reduced to a most servile position, among the Mainotes she holds a

rank suitable to the mother of a family, and is held in high respect both by her husband and children. Yet all agricultural works are performed by her. Wherever there is a narrow platform on the rocks that can be cultivated, she has, with incredible labour, carried up the soil and stones necessary for the growth of the seed. Where cereals cannot be ripened, the mulberry succeeds admirably; and the women occupy themselves with the silkworm. If only schools could be established, roads made, and agriculture favoured, a brighter prospect would soon open. The resources of the country are great; and the Kakouvli is itself an immense marble quarry, principally porphyry, which only wants men of capital to work it.

## WON—NOT WOODED.

### CHAPTER XXXII.—A VOLUNTEER'S WELCOME.

MABEL had never been to London in her life until she visited it as a bride. Mr Winthrop had taken the first floor of a hotel in one of those dull but fashionable streets, out of which you emerge at once as from a quiet side-stream into the full current of town-life. The ceaseless roar of the great city pervaded it, but no vulgar traffic passed the threshold. A dwelling thus situated invites to retrospect and reflection, like a rock in the midst of the sea, and to escape the thoughts that intruded upon her when alone, Mabel was not unwilling to partake of the quietude to which her husband constantly invited her. He was *deux* with such things himself; but it was a pleasure to him to see the glasses levelled at Mabel, as she sat beside him at opera and theatre, and to say to himself: 'This is my wife.' He was one of those men who, without possessing a single friend, have a large circle of acquaintances; and among them Mrs Winthrop was voted 'a great acquisition.' She was undoubtedly a brilliant ornament. Though at one time, a simple dress of white muslin, with a single white rose in her hair, had been considered, by all who beheld her in it, to be the garb most appropriate to her, it was now universally observed that Mrs Winthrop's beauty was of that kind which 'pays' for splendour. One of those wicked old dowagers who retain their popularity in the world of fashion down to the grave's mouth by the flicker of a cruel tongue, once observed of her, that 'Mrs Winthrop looked as if she had stolen her clothes;' but the fact was that her simplicity of air was preserved, though she looked a princess.

The great Colonel Chatterton, on the other hand, an undoubted authority upon female beauty, since he had had three wives of his own, and had run away with several belonging to other people, pronounced her to be the most beautiful bride of the season, and congratulated his friend Winthrop upon his 'good taste,' as though Mabel had been the diamond gift that she was wearing. The colonel, though he 'made up' surprisingly, was no longer a terror to husbands, since he had ceased to 'make up' to their wives; he had recently taken to a raven wig, a set of magnificent



teeth, and was grown stouter in his calves. He had a trembling in all his limbs which invited the commiseration of the stranger; but 'It is not drink, sir, as you think,' was the gallant officer's curt explanation on such occasions, 'but the effects of a ball in my head received at Badajos;' and then he would snatch his wig off, and shew you the lump in his bald crown. The present Mrs Chatterton was not much over fifty years of age, and affected to flirt with Mr Winthrop, which afforded her husband much amusement. She was never tired of dissipation, and had a faculty of sitting up at night that a newspaper compositor might have envied. When 'those husbands of ours' were not in attendance—which, to do Mr Winthrop justice, was in his case but very seldom—she would carry Mabel out with her in a triumphal progress through the Park, or a morning concert (late in the afternoon) at Lady Solfa's, or to a bazaar at Philanthropy House in aid of the mission among the Aztecs. She did not care where it was, so long as there was a crowd. 'We shall have enough of being alone, my dear,' she was wont to say, 'when we come to lie in our graves;' and though time was not so much an object in that respect with Mabel, she was willing enough, for other reasons, to be Mrs Chatterton's companion. Gaiety, like laughing gas, renders one insensible for the time to pain, even though it be the heartache. As the summer progressed, expeditions were planned into the country; or at least so far out of town as Greenwich and Richmond. The insatiate Mrs Chatterton suggested that they should all visit Wimbledon, where the Volunteers were encamped. 'We cannot go there alone, my dear, so you must persuade our husbands to accompany us; and the colonel will need all your arts, because he has a prejudice against what he calls "those toy soldiers."' The colonel, however, was easily persuaded; indeed, he was delighted to have the opportunity of telling Mabel that she could 'wind him round her little finger.' But Mr Winthrop was more obdurate. He was very careful about the state of his health, and declared himself to be 'subject' to all kinds of small ailments, such as cold and palpitation. Wimbledon was in an exposed situation, and the tents were always full of draughts. The noise of those guns was enough to deafen one. Mabel would have made no further effort to persuade him, had it not been for Mrs Chatterton, but, urged by her, she did so; and her husband gave way, though not with a very good grace.

The four drove down together on a certain afternoon, which Mrs Chatterton protested had been made for the purpose, and which was indeed that perfection of fair weather, of which English skies exhibit some half-a-dozen specimens per annum. The tents glistened in the sunshine; the only clouds in the blue air were the wreaths of smoke that issued from the rifles' mouths.

Mabel upon the colonel's arm, Mrs Chatterton upon Mr Winthrop's, visited the different firing-points, applauded the bulls'-eyes made (but not devoured) by the Public Schoolboys, and sympathised with the running deer. As they lounged through the long white streets, each placarded

with its facetious title, such as Love Lane or Lazy Alley, they came upon an open space around which the tents were grouped with some eye to effect. In the centre was a garden-plot, and before each furled-back door there were enough of flowers, at all events, to furnish forth a bouquet for a lady-visitor. As they stood in front of this military paradise, a handsome young fellow, who was employed in cleaning his rifle, caught sight of them, dropped it hastily, ran to his metal basin, still keeping his eyes towards them, and having washed his hands, came forward with an eager air.

'Miss Denham, surely?' said he. Mabel had turned deadly pale, and for the moment was speechless.

'I am not Miss Denham,' said she with a faint smile, 'though you once knew me as such.'

She dropped the colonel's arm, and held out a hand that felt cold even through its glove. 'Miles, here is Mr Thornton whom you remember so well at Shingleton.'

'Miles?' murmured Thornton involuntarily; but the next moment the whole state of the case was clear to him.

Mr Winthrop was charmed to meet with his young friend, or seemed to be so; and the invitation that the latter offered to the little party was promptly accepted. He asked them into the dinner-tent, and ordered claret cup, which Mrs Chatterton pronounced 'perfectly exquisite,' and the colonel 'deuced good.' The former, who was as full of talk as Mrs Marshall herself, and much more exacting as respected answers, kept their host's tongue fully employed with explanation and description of camp-life; while the latter commented in an under-tone to Mr Winthrop upon the effeminate prettinesses of the toy-soldiers. 'Flower-pots in a parade-ground, sir! Why, hang me, if I wouldn't rather see a cesspool.'

Mabel, happily for herself, was not called upon to join in either conversation. She felt spell-bound, or rather like one in a dream, who imagines himself upon the brink of a precipice, and scarcely dares to breathe. Not a glance did she bestow on Richard; but that was quite unnecessary, since his presence pervaded her. How much older, and yet grander he looked, with that great brown beard! With what earnest joy had he run to meet her, and what a change had come over his face when she said: 'I am not Miss Denham now.' She had flattered herself that gaiety and dissipation had so hardened her heart, that whenever this meeting should have taken place, she might have played her part quite calmly. Fate had been very cruel to bring it about so soon. Somebody was speaking to her, she knew not whom; she only hoped it was not he.

'My dear Mrs Winthrop, I am quite monopolising Mr Thornton; but he has so much to say that is interesting, and he offers to take us round the camp. Won't that be delightful?'

'Yes, another day,' answered Mabel. 'But we dine out this evening, do we not, Miles?'

'Yes, my dear'—at that 'my dear,' she fancied, though she was not looking at it, that she saw the brown beard quiver—'we must be going very soon. But as Mr Thornton is good enough to wish us to repeat our visit, we will certainly do so.'

How very civil her husband was! How dreadful it would be if he should ask Richard to come and see them in town! She need not have

disturbed herself with this apprehension. Mr Winthrop had no more intention of revisiting Wimbledon—far less of inviting their host to London—than of starting for Timbuctoo. He did not dislike Richard, as his son Horn did, but the young man was no favourite of his. He was one of those men whose nature resents being laid under an obligation, however slight, and Richard had once saved his life.

'It must be charming to be in such pleasant quarters,' said Mr Winthrop, smiling affably. 'How snug your tents look: the whole affair must be like a fortnight's picnic.'

'Especially when ladies are so good as to visit us,' said Richard gallantly. His glance rested on Mrs Chatterton only.

'Deuced little discipline, I'm afraid, young gentleman,' said the colonel. 'However, your claret's excellent; and I'm sorry we must be off.'

'Be quiet, colonel,' exclaimed his wife reprovingly. 'Everybody is not to be shot by court-martial to please you. There is no such hurry that we need go without seeing the prizes in the Exhibition tent, which this obliging gentleman has promised to shew us.—Come, Mr Winthrop, I am not going to discard you.'

As the colonel had already toddled out of the tent in a huff at the proposed delay, there was no choice for Mabel but to accept Richard's arm.

He spoke of the weather, of the shooting, of the life in camp, in cheery tones, while Mabel answered him in monosyllables. She felt grateful to him for inventing these sentences, which had not a ray of interest for her. When he did but inquire after her sister, she felt a shiver, because it was an allusion to the past; she knew by his manner that he had heard of her father's death, and also that he was endeavouring to conceal from her that he had been ignorant, till within the last half-hour, of her marriage. With a delicacy beyond all art, he treated that as a matter of course. A dropping of his voice, a pressure of his hand, would have wrung her heart. But he was loyal and honest, and she loved him for it; not as some would have done, but as a grateful woman worships the man who spares her. At parting—though both felt that they should never meet again—his air and words were cordial, but far from tender, and yet she understood that he had had something to forgive, and had forgiven her. To Mrs Chatterton he was much more gallant, and so delighted her, that she confided to Mabel, that if Mr Thornton was an ordinary specimen of the Volunteers, she, for her part (*pace* the colonel) preferred them to the regulars.

'A remarkably nice-looking fellow, that Mr Thornton,' said she approvingly to the gentlemen. 'Don't you think so?'

Mr Winthrop smiled and raised his eyebrows.

'We shouldn't care about his good looks,' answered the colonel for himself and friend, 'if the rascal were not so offensively young.'

It was rather cool of this ancient gentleman thus to include Mr Winthrop and himself in the same bracket, since he was old enough to be his father, and Mrs Chatterton (who had fifteen hundred a year in her own right, and could 'say things' even to the irascible colonel) rebuked him for his audacity. But the mischief had been done, and Mr Winthrop remained silent and glum during the whole drive. He was unusually cynical at dinner

that night, and when they came home, he shewed for the first time displeasure with Mabel. 'I wish,' said he testily, 'you had not been so importunate about going to that confounded camp: I believe it has given me neuralgia.'

'I am very sorry,' said Mabel penitently. 'But Mrs Chatterton was so very anxious to visit it.'

'Mrs Chatterton is an old fool,' replied Mr Winthrop sharply. 'But it seemed to me that it was you who were so desirous to go.'

'No, indeed, I was not,' answered Mabel in a tone perhaps somewhat more earnest than the occasion demanded.

'I say you seemed so,' observed her husband abruptly. There was a long pause, and then Mr Winthrop resumed: 'We are not going to Wimbledon again, mind. One is obliged to say civil things on such occasions; but I don't intend, because that Mr Thornton—or whatever his name is—chanced to come with his boat, at the nick of time, to take us off a rock, to lie under an everlasting obligation to him. He is very well in his place, I have no doubt; but he is not quite the sort of man I am accustomed to be intimate with.'

'I see no reason why you should ever see him again, unless you please,' said Mabel quietly.

'Just so,' said Mr Winthrop in a mollified tone: 'I was afraid that you might have asked him—I mean, told him where we were staying in town.'

'I never said one word to him on the subject, Miles.'

'I am glad to hear it, Mrs Winthrop, because I think it would have been injudicious.'

He had never before addressed his wife by a less familiar name than 'Mabel.'

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE TERMS OF PEACE.

It was Mr Winthrop's habit to rise late, and besides, he took his leisure at his toilet. Mabel was often in the sitting-room an hour or more by herself before her husband made his appearance, and thus it happened on the morning subsequent to their visit to Wimbledon.

She was sitting with a book in her hand, on which she in vain endeavoured to fix her attention; her gaze strayed to the flame of the coffee-lamp—the eyes of the thoughtful turn to such objects when there are no embers on the hearth—and her heart was heavy within her. As the door opened, she started, and summoned up a smile to greet her husband; but it was not he. The waiter had come to say that a gentleman was below who wished to see her.

'To see me?' cried Mabel. 'Are you sure?'

'The gentleman said either you or Mr Winthrop, ma'am.'

Could it possibly be Richard Thornton? He of all men would surely not have pained her by such an intrusion, and yet, since he was filling her thoughts—not wrongfully, but as the unwitting cause of her husband's displeasure—her heart misgave her that it was he.

'Say Mr Winthrop has not yet risen, but that in half-an-hour at furthest'—

Here there was a hoarse laugh from without, and rudely pushing aside the waiter, Horn Winthrop strode into the room. 'How are you, step-mother?' said he, in mocking tones.

Mabel flushed up to the temples, and glanced involuntarily at the waiter, for an insult is doubly

felt that is given in the presence of an inferior; but the man's attention was wholly concentrated upon the new-comer's companion, a huge bull-dog, which, with legs a-kimbo, and head aside, was contemplating the poor fellow with a critical expression that seemed to say: 'Which calf shall I take!'

'Look to your dog,' said Mabel firmly, 'lest he do the man a mischief.'

'Fang, come here,' cried Horn. The dog obeyed, and the waiter fled precipitately. 'Why, the man is as much afraid of you, Fang, as the mistress is of me.'

'I am not afraid of you, Mr Horn Winthrop,' observed Mabel calmly: 'why should I be?'

'Ah, that's the point,' replied the young man, with an insolent chuckle. 'To be sure, I have not shewn my teeth yet, have I?'

'Your manner is sufficiently rude and offensive, if that is what you call shewing your teeth,' said Mabel, raising her voice, and glancing mechanically towards the folding-doors which communicated with their other apartments.

'Oh, I see,' said Horn, dropping his voice. 'The governor is there, is he? Well, if he does hear me, it is more your affair than mine. Look here, madam; we might have been good friends at one time; but you chose to be my enemy.'

'How so?' inquired Mabel scornfully.

'By choosing *him*,' said Horn, nodding towards the closed doors.

Mabel was meditating within herself as to whether she should summon her husband, and boldly demand of him protection from his son's insolence, when the door opened and Mr Winthrop entered.

'How are you, sir?' said Horn, without much change in his gruff manner.

'Ill, boy, ill,' returned his father testily. 'I have not been well for some days, and I caught a fresh cold at Wimbledon yesterday.' And here he threw a glance at his wife which she well understood to imply, that that misfortune was *her* fault.

It was, she felt, a most unseasonable time to appeal to him for succour; perhaps it would be better to fight her own battle with this foe, whom she despised, at least, as much as she disliked. When worsted, it would be time enough to call in an ally.

Horn was not likely to vex her with his presence often, according to his father's account, and besides, they were about to go abroad.

'I wouldn't go to Wimbledon again, if I were you, sir,' said Horn; 'I mean'—for Mr Winthrop had looked up at him sharply—'if you find it disagrees with you. The common is very bleak.'

'Well, you will have some breakfast, Horn.—To what good fortune, may I ask, are we indebted for this unexpected visit?'

'I was up in town for twenty-four hours,' returned the young man carelessly, 'to visit my tailor; he expects it when one doesn't pay him; and I thought it was only dutiful to come and see papa and—Mrs Winthrop. I met Colonel Chatterton at the club last night, and he told me, among other things, that I should still find you here.'

'Where on earth did this hideous dog come from?' exclaimed Mr Winthrop suddenly.

'I say, don't you jump up like that—not all in a hurry—or else he'll fly at you,' said Horn. And indeed the animal growled menacingly as Mr Winthrop laid his hand upon the bell.

'It's no use your ringing, unless you want to turn me out. He won't go with anybody else, I promise you. Fang is the most faithful creature—ain't you, Fang?—and faithfulness is a great virtue.'

'It couldn't look uglier than it does in your dog, sir, if it was a vice,' said Mr Winthrop, resuming his seat with a frowning brow. 'The next time you pay a visit to a lady, I would recommend you to leave such a pet as that at home.'

'Mrs Winthrop, however, is not easily frightened,' said Horn coolly. 'How courageously, I remember, she behaved on that occasion at Anemone Bay, when we were all brought off from the rock by—What the deuce was the name of that young fellow with the boat? Now, what was his name?'

'Thornton,' said Mr Winthrop sullenly, after a long silence.

'Ay, to be sure; Thornton. I could have sworn I saw him this morning in St James's Street. But if I did, he has got a beard, and that alters a man so.—You are not eating anything, Mrs Winthrop. You used to have a better appetite at Shingleton, if I remember right.'

'Yes; that is true. London does not agree with either of us,' observed Mr Winthrop; 'and I begin to think we have staid here too long. We shall probably go down to Wapshot for a few weeks, and then abroad; or perhaps abroad at once.'

'I think abroad would be better,' remarked Horn drily. 'It's a more complete change; and takes you out of the way of all disagreeable acquaintances. But, there—I forgot, sir, you have none. It is only a poor devil like myself who fears in every face to see a dun; and when a friend slaps him on the shoulder, "By Jove!" he thinks, "I'm nabbed and booked for Queer Street."'

'I hope you are in no danger of that sort, Horn,' observed his father with irritation. 'You know what I told you down at Brackmere: matters cannot now, and he glanced towards Mabel, 'go on as they have done. I won't have it.'

'I quite understand, sir,' said Horn demurely. 'We are very economical now, Fang; are we not? We did not even hire a Hansom this morning, but came on Shanks his mare. By-the-bye, speaking of mares, Colonel Chatterton bade me tell you that the very thing you were inquiring about—a second horse to carry a lady—is to be sold at Tattersall's to-day at noon precisely.'

'I hope, Miles,' said Mabel nervously, 'that you are not going to commit any extravagance upon my account. I am sure that that beautiful bay you were so kind as to give me'—

'Permit me, Mrs Winthrop,' interposed her husband stiffly, 'to be the best judge of what I can afford.—At noon, did you say, Horn?' He glanced at the clock on the mantel-piece. 'Then I have very little time to lose.' He turned on his heel and left the room without a word; and soon after, his footsteps were heard going down the stairs on his way out.

In the meantime, Horn went leisurely on with his breakfast, from time to time throwing to his dog great lumps of meat, which that animal caught resentfully, without so much as wagging his stump of a tail, and bolted with a spasm.

Mabel watched the beast, in order to avoid looking at its master, who, on his part, was perfectly unembarrassed and at his ease.

'The governor is easily riled,' observed he



presently. 'I know him better than you do; and can give you a wrinkle or two.—Don't move,' cried he with vehemence, for Mabel was about to rise and leave the room, 'or I won't answer for the dog; he hates to be disturbed in his eating by people moving about.'

'Am I to understand, sir,' inquired Mabel with flashing eyes, 'that if I refuse to remain here to listen to your insults, you will set your dog at me?'

'There, now, that is just what he dislikes,' remonstrated Horn; and indeed the dog growled hideously. 'Fang is all for peace and quietness; and so am I. I could not help cutting up a little rough just now, when I saw you as my mamma for the first time; but I am still willing to be your friend.'

'My friend!' replied Mabel. There was contempt in her tone sufficient to have filled a folio.

'Well, if you object to the word, let us say "confederate," as *Bell* calls it.—Don't fire up so, madam; *Bell* is a newspaper, and not a "young person," as you think. It is much better, when people are in the same boat, that they should pull together. Mr Thornton could tell you that.'

Mabel uttered not a word, but she could not prevent the blood from rushing to her face, though she would have given ten years of life to do so.

'I did not mean to make you blush, mamma,' said Horn apologetically; 'I merely quoted the gentleman as an authority upon boating matters. I hope it may not be necessary to make any more painful allusion to him. I am here on business, madam, and, as you may well imagine, not for pleasure. The dog still rivets your attention, I perceive.' Here he rose, and, with one blow of his foot, threw his panting myrmidon into a distant corner of the room. 'Let us discuss matters with calmness. We each of us have it in our power to do one another an ill turn—but also a good one. You have wronged me, to begin with, by hooking the governor; but that I waive, on condition that you do all in your power to remedy my hurt. What is enough for two is not enough for three, you understand, especially when the third is a woman. "Now that I have a wife," says the governor (not to mention other eventualities, madam), "it is necessary that I should be economical." To this I assented very willingly; but there was something behind which affected me much more. "Of course, therefore," said he, "I can no longer support you in your extravagances." He calls my ill-luck extravagance, forsooth, but that's neither here nor there. "For the future, Horn, it will be absolutely necessary that you keep within your allowance." "Then," said I, naturally enough, "sir, you must increase it." He demurred, and I insisted; and, altogether, we made it very hot for one another that evening. Still, having the purse, he would have remained master of the situation, but for a certain piece of good-luck which befell me a few days afterwards.'

'All this may be very interesting to yourself, Mr Horn Winthrop,' observed Mabel coldly; 'but I don't see why you should give yourself the trouble to narrate it to me.'

'Wait a bit, and you will see, madam,' said the young man grimly. 'In the first place, it is through you that I intend to recoup myself. Instead of your being a hateful step-mother, whose arrival has cut off my supplies, you are going to be my horn of

abundance. When I want money, which is, to say truth, a chronic complaint with me, I shall no longer have to fight for it; a soft word or two from you—or even perhaps a caress, if the sum be large—will procure it for me from the governor; or you may ask it for yourself, if you please, and then hand it over to me.—It is nothing to us—is it, Fang?—how we get it, so long as we do get it.—Do you begin to understand our little plan, madam?'

'I understand,' said Mabel scornfully, 'that you wish me to assist your schemes for robbing your father.'

'Pardon me, madam; a man cannot rob his own father any more than a wife can rob her husband. On the other hand, it is quite possible for a woman to rob her step-son. However, we will not dispute about words; you comprehend the main fact, and that is everything. Well, you will not find this money-getting so easy, as perhaps, with your youth and beauty, you fondly imagine. The governor, without being precisely stingy, resents any interference in his affairs. You saw what a passion he put himself into, a few minutes ago, when you (very properly) begged him not to commit any extravagance upon your account. You may imagine, therefore, what a fuss he will make if you ask him to spend money instead of saving it. I know the governor well, and can really make myself very useful to you, if you will permit me.'

'I am waiting your pleasure here, sir, please,' said Mabel firmly; 'but be assured of this, that no consideration on earth shall prevent my repeating to your father, so soon as I see him, every word that you are now speaking.'

Horn laughed aloud. 'Do you hear that, Fang? The enemy is shewing fight, so it is necessary that we bring up our reserves.—I will detain you, madam, but a few minutes longer; but what I have to say is important, and what may be called the cream of the matter. There is one thing I have not mentioned'—here he spoke very gravely and deliberately—'about which you will find my father very troublesome: you must bear with it; because, as I once told you, he is growing bald, and finds himself not so young as he would persuade folks to believe—while you, madam, are very beautiful and very young: it is Jealousy. My father is as jealous as any dowager who has married her footman.'

'He shall hear that too, Mr Horn Winthrop—be sure of that,' said Mabel with white lips.

'Upon consideration, you will perceive that he had better not hear it, madam. In the first place, he knows it, and one dislikes to be told of the weaknesses one is conscious of possessing, even more than to have them imputed to us unjustly. In the second place, he may have some cause for being jealous. You place your hand upon your heart, madam; that is not always in these cases a sign of innocence. Moreover, you have turned quite white. Is it necessary for me to proceed?—You are silent. Do not imagine that I am judging you harshly; my ideas upon love-matters are most liberal; and besides, nothing—absolutely nothing—would give me greater pleasure than to hear that you had run away from the governor to-morrow. That he already apprehends such a contingency, I am quite convinced. Perhaps you did not notice the change which came over his face when I happened to mention that I had met

Mr Richard Thornton in the street this morning. You were probably too much engaged in your own reflections, for I saw *your* face change too. I am a close observer in my small way, Mrs Winthrop.'

'As sure as you are a living man, I will tell your father every word you speak.'

'Do you hear *that*, Fang?' laughed Horn once more.—'Well, madam, to prove to you how very unlikely it seems to me that you will do anything so foolish, I will give you a point in this little match between us, and confess at once that I did not see Mr Thornton; that part of my story was a pious fraud. For the information that he now wears a beard, I am indebted to Colonel Chatterton. It struck even that amiable veteran, do you know, as rather queer that you should happen to meet your old flame at Wimbledon, so very opportunely, after having plagued the governor to take you down to camp. The colonel, you may retort, is a most scandalous old scoundrel; but I am much mistaken if his view, in this particular case, is not shared by others. Do not be irate with *me*, madam, for, for my part, I do not think it queer at all, but only extremely natural. I say there is one in particular who undoubtedly shares the colonel's opinion, and, in consequence, has suddenly determined to leave town. You acknowledge this, and yet you are still determined to tell your husband all?'

'Most certainly I am!' cried Mabel, clenching her little hand. 'I scorn and defy your lies and calumnies, and *you*!'

'Then mind you do tell him *all*,' said Horn, leaning across the table, so as to place his scowling face quite close to that of his companion's, which did not shrink from it one jot. 'Tell him the whole truth while you are about it. Tell him that you always loved this man—this Thornton—from the first moment you ever saw him. Tell him (you know it's true) that you love him *still*. And, above all, tell him, that within two months, or less, of your own marriage, you received from this man's hand—in recompense I do not know for what, *you* doubtless do—two hundred pounds.'

Mabel drew back from that hot malignant breath like one who is blighted by sirocco.

'Ha!' cried Horn triumphantly, 'I knew the good blade would strike home. Don't let it rankle, madam; there is no need for that: but never forget its presence. I do not dare you to tell my father now; I *know* you dare not. You have obliged me to let you see I wear this weapon; do not provoke me to use it. It rests with you to keep it in its sheath for ever.'

'Your father himself gave me the money,' gasped Mabel.

'Do you hear *that*, Fang? Come, dog, come; for she will never beat that if we stay here the whole day.' He rose and, followed by his brute companion, strode quickly to the door; then stopped and turned, as though a sudden thought had struck him. 'If you really believe my father sent those notes, madam—though it matters not one fraction whether you did or not—you had better ask him; I would advise you, however, not to do so point-blank. If I do not hear from him or from yourself within twelve hours, I shall know that there is peace between us; the conditions of which have been explained to you.—My father himself gave her the money! Gad, she's a bold one, Fang, and deserves better luck.'

Mabel stood frozen with horror, listening to his brutal laughter, ringing down the stairs, and bursting out once again as he passed beneath the window in the street.

### THE BESIEGED RESIDENT.

Or all newspaper correspondents during the late struggle, beyond all question the most popular was that gentleman 'attached' to the *Daily News*, who has been designated, or has designated himself, above all the imprisoned millions of Paris, as The Besieged Resident. While other writers took the side of Prussia or of France, this lively individual laughed at both those powers, and may be credited with having been the first of his species who has taken persistently a humorous view of war. Not that he has shewn himself without feeling or opinions of his own, but he has subordinated them, and even made them useful to accomplish his main purpose of being amusing. He describes the bombardment, as it were, phonetically, by letting off a series of good jokes; and his account of the sorties are in themselves Sallies. This method of treating so serious a subject, however cleverly it might be handled, would yet be intolerable but for the good sense which in reality underlies the whole narration; for the genuine contempt which he entertains for hollowness in man or deed, no matter how magnificent may be the sound emitted; and for the aptitude which he almost always evinces for hitting the right nail on the head. If he be not young, he is one of those men whom freedom from care and toil has enabled to retain the high spirits of youth; and if he seems somewhat to lack the quality of mind or morals which we call 'principle,' his impulses are good—and he has plenty of them. While other correspondents rise up early, and eat the bread of sorrow, in order to witness events, the Besieged Resident lies abed, breakfasts on the fat—or, at all events, on the best lean of the land (though it be but horse or donkey), and then goes out with his hands in his pockets to study character. The only part of his narrative which we beg to doubt is where he describes himself as being in actual want; he is obviously what Mr Carlyle calls 'a gilt youth'; and though of democratic proclivities, we very much doubt whether he ever did a day's work in his life, or ever earned—except perhaps at the whist-table—a shilling. However, his account of his own troubles, like all the rest he writes, is amusing, and may, without doubt, be an accurate description of what was the case with many others of his fellow-captives by the end of December.

'My banker has withdrawn from Paris, and his representative declines to look at my bill, though I offer ruinous interest. As for friends, they are all in a like condition, for no one expected the siege to last so long. At my hotel, need I observe that I do not now pay my bill—but in hotels the guests may ring in vain now for food. I sleep on credit in a gorgeous bed—a pauper. The room is large; I wish it were smaller, for the firewood comes from trees just cut down, and it takes an hour to get the logs to light, and then they only smoulder and emit no heat. The thermometer in my grand room, with its silken curtains, is usually at freezing-point. Then my clothes—I am seedy, very seedy. When I call upon a friend, the porter eyes me distrustfully. In the streets, the beggars



never ask me for alms; on the contrary, they eye me suspiciously when I approach them, as a possible competitor. The other day, I had some newspapers in my hand—an old gentleman took one from me, and paid me for it. I had read it, so I pocketed the halfpence. My wardrobe is scanty; like the sage, *omnia mea mecum porto*. I had been absent from Paris before the siege, and I returned with a small bag. It is difficult to find a tailor who will work, and even if he did, I could not send him my one suit to mend, for what should I wear in the meantime? Decency forbids it. My pea-jacket is torn and threadbare; my trousers are frayed at the bottom, and of many colours, like Joseph's coat. As for my linen, I will only say that the washerwomen have struck work, as they have no fuel. I believe my shirt was once white, but I am not sure. I invested, a few weeks ago, in a pair of cheap boots; they are my torment; they have split in various places, and I wear a pair of gaiters—purple, like those of a respectable ecclesiastic—to cover the rents. I bought them on the Boulevard, and at the same stall I bought a bright blue handkerchief, which was going cheap—this I wear round my neck. My upper man resembles that of a dog-stealer; my lower man that of a bishop. My buttons are turning my hair gray. . . . For my food, I allowance myself, in order to eke out as long as possible my resources. I dine and breakfast at a second-class restaurant. Cat, dog, rat, and horse are very well as novelties, but taken habitually, they do not assimilate with my inner man. Horse, doctors say, is heating; I only wish it would heat me. I give this description of my existence, as it is that of many others. Those who have means, and those who have none, unless these means are in Paris, row in the same boat.

Our Besieged Resident protests elsewhere that he shall never see a donkey without thinking of a Prussian—gratefully; and recommends us, in case we should fall out with our jackass, not to beat him, but to eat him. 'The flesh of this obstinate quadruped is delicious—in colour like mutton, firm and savoury.' It was an inducement to go out to dinner when it was known that there would be donkey at table, just as one might say to one's self at home: 'Since there is to be venison, though Jones's parties are stupid, I shall go.' So early as the first week in November, a good fat cat cost twenty francs, and 'those that remained to us were exceedingly wild.' He has a *salami* of rats for breakfast, and pronounces it admirable—'something between frog and rabbit. The correspondents of two of your contemporaries were with me. One of them, after some hesitation, allowed me to help him to a leg, and after eating it, was as anxious for more as a terrier.' The other (whose newspaper was perhaps notorious for change of politics) had too much delicacy of mind to touch the rat. Fat from the sewers, this dainty fetched at that time one franc fifty centimes. The animals in the Jardin des Plantes were becoming scarce, and kangaroo was priced at twelve francs the pound. Our Besieged Resident had the privilege of being asked to eat mutton, an animal only found in Corsica. 'I can only describe it as tasting of mutton, and nothing else. It was not absolutely bad, but I do not think I should take up my residence in Corsica to feed habitually upon it.' He goes to see what is

doing in the house of a friend who has left Paris. The servant in charge told him that they had been unable to obtain even bread for three days, and that the last time he had presented his ration ticket, he had been given about half an inch of cheese. 'How do you live, then, I asked?' After looking mysteriously round, to see that no one was watching us, he took me down into the cellar, and shewed me a quantity of meat in barrel. 'It is half a horse,' he said, in the tone of a man who is shewing some one the corpse of his murdered victim. 'A neighbouring workman killed him, and we salted him down, and divided it.' Then he opened a closet, in which sat a large cat. 'I am fattening her up,' he said, 'for Christmas-day; we mean to serve her up surrounded with mice, like sausages.'

Our fellow-countrymen made touching attempts to celebrate Christmas after the national fashion. Two turkeys (almost worth their weight in gold) had been treasured up in an English restaurant, but they unfortunately died before the feast-day. The possession of any provisions was the surest way to popularity. 'A dandy who is known to have a stock of sausages is overwhelmed with compliments by his fair friends. . . . One fortunate Briton has got ten pounds of camel, and has invited about twenty of his countrymen to aid him in devouring this singular substitute for turkey; another gives himself airs because he has some potted turkey, which is solemnly to be consumed to-day, spread on bread. I am myself going to dine with a man who lives in the same house with a family who left Paris before the siege. Necessity knows no law; so the other day he opened their door with a certain amount of gentle violence, and, after a diligent search, discovered in the larder two onions, some potatoes, and a ham. These with a fowl, which, I believe, has been procured honestly, are to constitute our Christmas dinner.'

A prejudice arose against rats because the doctors said their flesh was full of trichinæ; and this idea was bad for the dogs. Our author, however, confesses to having had a guilty feeling when he ate this animal, the friend of man. He took some spaniel, which tasted like lamb, but he felt, afterwards, like a cannibal. Epicures told him that poodle was the best, and warned him to avoid bull-dog as coarse and tasteless. 'I really think that dogs have some means of communicating with each other, and have discovered that their old friends want to devour them. The humblest of street curs growls when you look at him. *Figaro* has a story that a man was followed for a mile by a party of dogs barking fiercely at his heels. He could not understand to what their attentions were due till he remembered that he had eaten a rat for breakfast. A man who has dined off a dog called *Fox*, declares that whenever any one calls out "*Fox*," he feels an irresistible impulse which forces him to jump up. The veracity of these two stories being guaranteed by Parisian journalists, who can doubt them.'

All these privations, which our author bore, or affects to have borne, with a light heart, fell with crushing effect on the poor women and children. Every man could have enough to eat, and too much to drink by dawdling about with a gun; as their homes were cold and cheerless, they lived at the pot-house; while their wife and children only just kept soul and body together (and not always

that) by going to the national canteens for soup, and to the Mairies for an occasional order for bread. Almost all their clothes were pawned, so that it was marvellous they did not perish of the cold, for as for fuel, not even the wealthy could procure it. No less than four hundred thousand persons were in receipt of parish relief. This was ill managed, as everything else was that was done officially. Either the popular idea that the French is a 'shifty' nation, quick at expedients, is a fallacy, or the imperial rule must have utterly demoralised them; for the 'circumlocution' of our English administrators is the acme of promptness and decision compared with the proceedings of their government during the siege. Even before Paris was surrounded, 'the authorities' were paralysed, and without their authorities Parisians are like sheep without a shepherd. Our author, not yet a Besieged Resident, goes to the post-office in person, and inquires whether the communications are still open with England.

"Put your letter in that box," said a venerable employé on a high stool. "Will it ever be taken out?" I asked. "*Qui sait?*" he replied. "Shall you send off a train to-morrow morning?" There was a chorus of "*Qui sait?*" and the heads disappeared still farther with the respective shoulders to which they belonged. "What do you think of a man on horseback?" I suggested. An indignant "Impossible!" was the answer. "Why not?" I asked. The look of contempt with which the clerks gazed on me was expressive. It meant: "Do you really imagine that a functionary—a postman, is going to forward your letters in an irregular manner?" At this moment, a sort of young French Jefferson Brick came in. Evidently he was a Republican recently set in authority. To him I turned. "Citizen, I want my letter to go to London. It is a press letter. These bureaucrats say that they dare not send it by a horse-express; I appeal to you, as I am sure you are a man of expedients." "These people," he replied, scowling at the clerks, "are demoralised. They are the ancient valets of a corrupt court. Give me your letter; if possible, it shall go, *foi de citoyen*." I handed my letter to Jefferson; but whether it is on its way to England, or still in his patriotic hands, I do not know. As I passed out through the courtyard, I saw postmen seated on the boxes of carts, with no horses before them. It was their hour to carry out the letters, and thus mechanically they fulfilled their duty.

While similar ignorance and stupidity were being manifested in all the departments, the newspapers were occupied with tall talk about the 'sublime attitude' of the Parisians, and other rubbish of the sentimental sort. 'A child,' the evening ones announce, 'deposited her doll this afternoon in the arms of the statue of Strasbourg. All who saw the youthful patriot perform this touching act were deeply affected.' All common-sense was lost sight of in rant and swagger. With their emperor a prisoner, and the enemy at their gates, the journalists persisted in looking upon Paris as a holy city, intangible as the Ark of the Covenant; a very different sort of place from Berlin or London. If it, the Mistress of civilisation, should be desecrated by hostile feet, the very skies would fall. Here is one of their fine sentences: 'If we, the wisest, the best, the noblest of human beings, have to succumb to this horde of

barbarians that environ us, we shall cease to believe in the existence of a Providence.' Perhaps most of them had ceased to do so already.

Since the siege had commenced, up to the 1st of January, no less than forty-nine journals appeared, and sixty, in all, were published daily. How they found paper, was a mystery. Some were printed on sheets intended for books, others upon sheets so thick that they must have been designed to wrap up groceries. But 'a guid conceit o' oursel's' was the motto of all.

'One would think that just at present a Parisian would do well to keep his breath to cool his own porridge; such, however, is not his opinion. He thinks that he has a mission to guide and instruct the world, and this mission he manfully fulfils in defiance of Prussians and Prussian cannon. It is true that he knows rather less of foreign countries than an intelligent Japanese daimio may be supposed to know of Tipperary, but, by some curious law of nature, the less he knows of a subject, the more strongly does he feel impelled to write about it. I read a very clever article this morning, pointing out that, if we are not on our guard, our empire in India will come to an end by a Russian fleet attacking it from the Caspian Sea; and when one thinks how very easy it would have been for the author not to write about the Caspian Sea, one is at once surprised and grateful to him for having called our attention to the danger which menaces us in that quarter of the globe.'

The people were only too ready to swallow what the papers told them, and improvised astounding pieces of good news upon their own account. A gentleman—a functionary—at the Mairie gets on a stool, and addresses the unhappy crowd who are waiting in vain for meat, in this fashion: 'Citizens and citizenesses, be calm: continue to preserve the admirable attitude which is eliciting the admiration of the world. I give you my honour that arrangements have been made for driving out the Prussians in twenty days.' Well-dressed individuals go about collecting subscriptions for the constructing a machine to blow up the entire Prussian army, and do collect them. Credibility has no limit. They believe that the *Times* newspaper is bought by Bismark. They have a friend to whom Trochu has confided the fact, that a tunnel is in existence through which flocks and herds are entering the town. In their clubs there is nothing to be heard but fatuous boasting, except when there is open mutiny, as in that presided over by Blanqui, who openly cries *Vive Marat!* and would revive the Reign of Terror. To this gentleman's club in the Rue d'Arras our Besieged Resident of course pays a visit, but hardly, we fear, in a reverential spirit. The 'venerable Blanqui,' notwithstanding the length of his white beard, does not impress him favourably. 'He was seated at a table on the tribune; before him were two assessors—one an unwholesome citizen, with long blonde hair hanging down his back; the other a most truculent-looking ruffian. The hall was nearly full; many were in blouses, the rest in uniform; about one-fifth of the audience was composed of women, who either knitted, or nourished the infants which they held in their arms. A citizen was speaking. He held a list in his hand of a new government. As he read out the names, some were applauded, others rejected. I had found a place on a bench by the side of a lady with a baby, who was occupied, like most of

the other babies, in taking its supper. Its food, however, apparently did not agree with it, for it commenced to squall lustily. "Silence!" roared a hundred voices, but the baby only yelled the louder. "Sit upon it!" observed some energetic citizens, looking at me, but not being a Herod, I did not comply with their order. The mother became frightened lest a *coup d'état* should be made upon her offspring, and, after turning it up, and solemnly smacking it, took it away from the club. By this time, orator No. 1 had been succeeded by orator No. 2. This gentleman, a lieutenant in the National Guard, thus commenced: "Citizens, I am better than any of you." (Indignant disapproval.) "In the Hôtel-de-Ville, on Monday, I told General Trochu that he was a coward." (Tremendous shouts of "You are a liar!") and men and women shook their fists at the speaker.) Up rose the venerable Blanqui. There was a dead silence. "I am master here," he said: "when I call a speaker to order, he must leave the tribune; until then, he remains." The club listened to the words of the sage with reverential awe, and the orator was allowed to go on. "This, perhaps, no one will deny," he continued; "I took an order from the Citizen Flourens to the public printing establishment. The order was the deposition of the government of National Defence"—(great applause)—and, satisfied with his triumph, the lieutenant relapsed into private life.

At one ultra-democratic club, a lady presided. When any one made what she considered a good speech, she embraced him on both cheeks. She was by no means ugly; and our Besieged Resident confesses to having entertained thoughts of making a few observations in view of this reward. "The bashfulness, however, which has been my bane through life, prevented me. This lady was herself an orator, and fond of giving her personal experiences. "I was on my way to this club," she said, "the other evening, when I observed a man following me. 'What dost thou want?' I asked, sternly eyeing him. 'I love you,' replied the vile aristocrat. 'I am the wife of a citizen, and the mother of the Gracchi,' I answered. Whereupon he sneaked away abashed, to seek other prey. If he addresses himself to some princess or duchess, he will probably find a victim." This experience was received with great applause, and several very unclean-looking patriots rushed forward to embrace the mother of the Gracchi.

Our Besieged Resident makes a point of 'assisting' in whatever may be going on; and for the first few weeks he 'manifested' against peace. "We 'manifest' by going, if we are in the National Guard, with bouquets at the ends of our muskets to deposit a crown of *immortelles* before the statue of Strasbourg. If we are unarmed, we walk behind a drum to the statue, and sing the *Marseillaise*. At the statue there is generally some orator on a stool holding forth. We occasionally applaud him, but we never listen to him. After this we go to the Place before the Hôtel-de-Ville, and we shout: "Point de Paix." We then march down the Boulevards, and we go home satisfied that we have deserved well of our country."

It is no wonder that our author, though evidently fond of the cheery, chatty Parisians, sums up his view of their character in the following words: "Intelligent and clever as they are, they are absolutely wanting in common-sense. I am convinced

that if five hundred were boiled down, it would be impossible to extract from the stew as much of this homely but useful quality as there is in the skull of the dullest tallow-chandler's apprentice in London." As for their fighting qualities, notwithstanding that he is informed that 'the soil of France breeds soldiers,' he holds them in extreme contempt. The National Guards, numerous as they were, he would have exchanged for 10,000 good soldiers. In the sorties, they were 'nowhere'; and even on the ramparts, they 'funked,' and evaded their duty by every possible means. The troops of the line fought tolerably well; but the French sailors, who had been summoned in defence of the capital, excite his highest admiration; and that our sailors managed to beat them, reflects, he thinks, the utmost credit on the British tar.

Of the Mobiles, too, he speaks highly. 'The conduct of these peasants is above all praise. Physically and morally, they are greatly the superiors of the ordinary run of Parisians. They are quiet, orderly, and, as a rule, even devout. Yesterday I went into the Madeleine, where some service was going on. It was full of Mobiles listening to the prayers of the priest. The Breton regiments are accompanied by their priests, who bless them before they go on duty. If the Parisians were not so thoroughly conceited, one might hope that the presence of these villagers would have a beneficial effect on them, and shew them that the Frenchmen out of Paris are worth more than those within it. The generation of Parisians which has arrived at manhood during the existence of the Empire is, perhaps, the most contemptible that the world has ever seen: If one of these worthies is rich enough, his dream has been to keep a mistress in splendour; if this has been above his means, he attempts to hang on to some wealthy *saurien*. The number of persons without available means, who somehow managed to live on the fat of the land without ever doing a single day's honest work, had become enormous. Most of them have, on some pretext or other, sneaked out of Paris. One sees now very few ribbons of the Legion of Honour, notwithstanding the reckless profusion with which this order was lavished: the Emperor's flock, marked with red streak, have disappeared.' It is wonderful, when we consider these views entertained by our author, and his own impulsive character, that the *Diary of a Besieged Resident* should not be a posthumous work; his having lived through the siege without a musket-ball among the heterogeneous contents of his stomach seems well nigh miraculous. That he should often be arrested as a spy was a matter of course. On one occasion, when investigating Montrouge, he was taken up by the National Guards, and about to be walked off to the nearest commissary.

'I asked why, and was told that a woman had heard me speak German. I replied that I was English. "Zat ve sall soon zee," said one of my captors. "I spek English like an Englishman; address to me the word in English." I replied that the gentleman spoke English with so perfect an accent that I thought he must be a fellow-countryman. The worthy fellow was disarmed by the compliment, and told a crowd which had collected round us to do prompt justice on the spy, that I not only was an Englishman, but was *Cockné*; that is to say, he explained, an inhabitant of London. He shook me by the hand, his friends



shook me by the hand, and several ladies and gentlemen also shook me by the hand; and then we parted.

In the midst of the spy mania, a most astounding discovery was one day made, namely, that in the heart of Paris there was a manufactory in which Prussian casques and sabres were being made. It was thought, of course, that the manufacturer was engaged in a dark conspiracy; but it turned out that he was only endeavouring 'to meet the demand for trophies from the field of battle.' In one room were found a large number of letters from mothers, sisters, and brides to their relatives in the army before Paris, forged by this ingenious speculator, and intended to be sold, each as having been found in the pocket of a German corpse.

Enterprising persons of this sort and a few other scoundrels may have been benefited by the siege of Paris, but trade of all kinds was paralysed, except that of the undertakers, who, during the great mortality ensuing on the scarcity of food, raised their prices so exorbitantly, 'that the poor complained it was now impossible for them even to die.' The capitulation, when it did come, was secretly hailed with joy by all classes, and by our Besieged Resident not so secretly. He had had quite enough of dog, and cat, and mutton; and he had no inflated sentiments to bear him up under such privation. The city had long ago 'protested' against the bombardment in the name of Civilisation (and among other things) of Art, of which, as he very sensibly observes, 'it is a waste of time to talk, on such an occasion. If you protest at all, it would be far more reasonable to protest against human beings—women and children—being exposed to slaughter, than to indite plaintive elegies about the possibility of the Venus de Milo being damaged, or the orchids in the hothouses being killed. I know that, for my part, I would rather that every statue and every plant in the world were smashed to atoms by shells, than that I were. This, in an æsthetic point of view, is selfish; but it is none the less true. *Chacun pour soi*. The Panthéon was struck yesterday. What desecration! every one cries; and I am very sorry for the Panthéon, but very glad that it was the Panthéon, and not me. The world at large very likely would lose more by the destruction of the Panthéon than of any particular individual; but each particular individual prefers his own humble self to all the edifices that architects have raised on the face of the globe.' Not, however, that our Besieged Resident believes much in bombs; as somebody says of ghosts, 'he had seen too many of them.' 'I am not a military man,' says he, 'and do not profess to know anything about bombs technically; but it seems to me, considering that it is their object to burst, and considering the number of scientific persons who have devoted their time to make them burst, it is very strange how very few do burst.'

Still, it was pleasant to be able to get out to Versailles without the risk of such a rare calamity; and to get eggs, butter, and milk. Wine, and delicacies in the way of food, were nothing in his eyes compared with such farm-yard produce. He indulged in them, in fact, so much that he was within a very little of sharing the fate of *Celestine*. *Celestine* was the balloon by which he sent his first letters, and she had burst. But though put in such good case for the present, he did not forget the morrow; and when he returned to

the city, took back with him a leg of mutton. It was forbidden, however, that meat should leave Versailles, and at the gate this delicacy was impounded. A mild blue-eyed Teuton with a porcelain pipe—the officer on guard—was hereupon thus addressed by our audacious author: 'My lady-love is in Paris. Long have I sighed for her. I have promised to bring her this leg of mutton, and on it hang all my hopes of bliss. O full-of-feeling, loved-of-beauteous-women, German warrior, can you refuse me?' And in the end he couldn't. Our Besieged Resident enters Paris with his prize, and is actually mobbed by the hungry crowd in the open Boulevard. "Sir," said one man, "allow me to smell it;" which, with my usual generosity, I did.

Though there is scarcely a page of this large volume\* which does not contain some amusing episode, the opinions it expresses are always sensible, and even sagacious. Though occupying himself with details, our author's views are comprehensive; and if somewhat too much addicted to satire, he is quite impartial in his application of it. As it may be thought he has been a little hard on the French character—though subsequent events have certainly not belied his words—we will quote, before leaving him, a remark or two he has ventured to pass upon that of the Germans. 'The German army may have many excellent qualities, but chivalry is not among them. War with them is a business. When a nation is conquered, there is no sentimental pity for it, but as much is to be made out of it as possible. Like the elephants, which can crush a tree or pick up a needle, they conquer a province and they pick a pocket. As soon as a German is quartered in a room, he sends for a box and some straw; then carefully and methodically packs up the clock on the mantel-piece, and all the stray ornaments which he can lay his hands on; and then, with a tear glistening in his eye for his absent family, directs them either to his mother, his wife, or his lady-love. In vain the proprietor protests; the philosophical warrior utters the most noble sentiments respecting the horrors of war; ponderously explains that the French do not sufficiently appreciate the blessings of peace; and that he is one of the humble instruments whose mission it is to make these blessings clear to them. Then he rings the bell, and in a mild and gentle voice, orders his box of loot to be carried off by his military servant.'

With the general political opinions of our lively author, we have nothing to do. But as regards the Germans, he seems to us to take as sensible a view of the situation as could be expected in the dullest writer. 'When Jules Favre met Bismark over here the other day, the latter spoke of Bourbaki as a traitor, because he had been untrue to his oath to Napoleon. "And was his country to count for nothing?" answered Favre. "In Germany, king and country are one and the same," replied Bismark. This is the abominable creed which is inculcated by the military squires who now hold the destinies of France and of Germany in their hands; and on this detestable heresy they dream of building up a new code of political ethics in Europe. Liberalism and common-sense are spreading even in the army; but take a Tory squire, a

\* *Diary of the Besieged Resident in Paris.* Hurst and Blackett.

groom of the chamber, and a life-guardsmen, boil them down, and you will obtain the ordinary type of the Prussian officer. For my part, I look with grim satisfaction to the future. The unity of Germany has been brought about by the union of Prussian Feudalists and German Radicals. The object is now attained, and I sincerely hope that the former will find themselves in the position of cats who have drawn the chestnuts out of the fire for others to eat.'

Such is the creed of the Besieged Resident, from whom we now part with a familiar nod and smile. Even Dr Johnson himself would have acknowledged that 'the fellow is certainly amusing.' Our only fear is, that his example may cause others to take humorous views of similar serious subjects who are not so well qualified for the task, and that, emulous of his success, the Comic Correspondent from the seat of war will be made an indispensable adjunct to the staff of British newspapers.

### CYMBELINE IN CEYLON.

THE spread of civilisation in the beautiful island of Ceylon has been much forwarded by natives whose rank and position have brought them into contact with the European portion of the community. The more intellectual circles of this society have not failed to observe how large an influence literature has upon conversation and manners.

It was probably in the laudable hope of introducing a higher tone among the humbler classes of his brethren, that Mr de S—, a highly respected native gentleman of Colombo, determined, early in 1859, to inaugurate a series of dramatic performances in the Singhalese language, which should be open 'gratis' to all classes, in his own grounds at Marandaha, a pretty suburb of the city of Colombo. *Cymbeline* was the first piece selected; and being desirous of seeing how the dusky interpreters of our immortal bard would acquit themselves, myself and a party of friends jammed ourselves into a couple of palanquin carriages (a kind of parody on a hearse, and as a rule drawn by a horse, who would be vicious if he were allowed food enough to keep up his spirits), and started in the brilliant tropical moonlight for the 'theatre.'

The time fixed for the commencement of the performance was eight o'clock; and as we arrived on the scene of action at about a quarter past, any one who has been in Ceylon must naturally come to the conclusion that we had some time to wait for the curtain (had there been a curtain) to rise. In virtue of our Anglo-Saxon complexions, we were speedily provided with some chairs and a bench; and following the example of the rest of the audience, by lighting our cheroots, we settled ourselves to see what was to be seen. Parties of Singhalese, Tamals, Portuguese, Moors, and Malays, all in gala costume, were sitting in the most picturesque groups on the grass, surrounding, at some slight distance, the stage, which was circular in form, and of an immense size. It was raised on piles to a height of about five feet from the ground; composed of rough planks, and encircled with little bright-coloured glass lamps, filled with cocoanut oil, and with a lighted wick floating in each. The 'scene,' a fixture, which was to serve for the whole action of the drama, was erected so as to face exactly towards the position we had taken up:

it consisted of three divisions. The left-hand portion represented the front of a modern house, with a bright green door, and a brass knocker below, and a 'practicable' window above, bearing the inscription, both in English and Singhalese, 'Imogen's Chamber.' That in the centre was higher, and decorated with brilliant flowers, among which the golden 'Savannah flower,' the deep crimson hybiscus, and the ivory-like flower of the cocoa-nut, were most effective. Arches of palm-leaves, glimmering with coloured lamps, led into the green-room; and above them another scroll bore the name of the liberal-minded provider of the entertainment. On the right, another canvas 'house' did duty for the king's palace. Festoons of lamps, suspended from tree to tree, brought out the graceful forms of palm-leaves, and were reflected on the broad shining leaves of the jak; while a full moon shed over all a flood of splendour, which dwellers in these northern latitudes can hardly imagine. I must not forget the orchestra, consisting of some half-dozen tom-toms, beaten with immense energy by a corresponding number of performers, whose exertions seemed to have led them to dispense with the greater part of their clothing; a few discordant native horns; and an old flint gun, which was fired off as quick as it could be loaded, each discharge eliciting a shout of applause from the audience.

A strange audience they were. One group, in particular, struck me as an example of the progress of the great goddess 'Fashion' among the brown ladies of Ceylon. The grandmamma was arrayed in a loose white muslin jacket, with lace round the neck and down the bosom, and lace ruffles so long as to nearly conceal her skinny old brown fingers. A bright red cotton 'comboy,' or cloth rolled tightly round her waist, and descending without a fold to her bare feet, and a richly chased silver pin thrust through her scanty gray chignon, completed her costume. Her daughter, a really beautiful young woman, had modified the comboy into a full skirt, gathered at the waist, but retained the laced muslin jacket. She wore her coarse luxuriant hair in a gold net, and (probably for the occasion) had on shoes and stockings.

A small child, about eight years of age, appeared much delighted with her own costume, which was not surprising, as she gloried in a pork-pie hat of scarlet velvet, with an emerald green feather; a 'polka jacket,' of brown and mauve wool in broad stripes; a pink frock, much under the influence of crinoline; short trousers with lace frills, white open-work socks (between which two latter articles appeared an interregnum of copper-coloured leg, repeated through the open-work socks), blue kid boots, and very large silk gloves, in which the poor child was evidently miserable, but could not make up her mind to take them off. Baby (of course very wide-awake) had as much jewellery, real or imitation, lavished upon it as any little Hindu deity.

They were a most patient assembly. Fortunately so, for we had to wait an immense time for the performance to begin, and we found the overture rather monotonous. At this time Imogen's chamber was taken possession of by a party of young coffee-planters, who desecrated that abode of virgin purity by smoking cigars, and contemplated the scene below out of the practicable window.

At length, a louder roar from the tom-toms, a

more than usually discordant yell from the horns, a tremendous explosion from the gun, announced the entrance of the actors, who, each attended by a torch-bearer, were seen slowly to emerge from the arches underneath the central division of the 'scene,' and seat themselves gravely on benches in front of it. Then they lighted their cigars, and stared at the audience; and the audience chewed their betel, and stared at them. From the midst of this grave assembly suddenly dashed a wild antic figure with long streaming hair, his naked limbs shining with oil, and painted in strange devices with white lead, vermilion, and yellow ochre; a bright orange-coloured dhotie being his sole article of clothing. Like the old woman of Banbury, he had rings on his fingers and bells on his feet; and such being the case, he had music wherever he went. This personage, who appeared to be under the influence of large and recent potatoes of arrack, brought himself, by a succession of violent and grotesque bounds, to that part of the stage which was exactly opposite our seat, and then addressed the public thus, running each sentence into one word: 'Do-you-know-who-I-am? I-am-Pro-bono-publico. How-is-your-poor-feet?' These witticisms, although perfectly unintelligible to the greater part of the people, were nevertheless received with every mark of approbation; and the jester, encouraged by these symptoms of applause, proceeded to enlist the further sympathies of the audience with a series of comic remarks in the Singhalese language, with which, like a funny M.P. in the provinces, he elicited roars of laughter. The actors, however, possibly jealous of the attention of the spectators being entirely occupied with this eccentric personage, now despatched a messenger to recall him; and he was at last prevailed upon to retire, and leave a clear stage for these strange interpreters of Shakspeare.

The *corps dramatique* arose from their seats together, and advanced in a solemn single file to the right-hand side of the stage. The make-up of their complexions was most effective. It was produced with white chanam (lime), laid on their faces, necks, and hands so thickly as completely to hide every inch of the dusky skin below. Red lead, lavishly ruddled on their cheeks, and carefully painted on their lips, with eyebrows as black as plumbago could draw them, completed what was intended to produce the exact representation of English colouring. Their black hair came out very decidedly from the somewhat ghastly background, and their dark eyes shone with jetty brilliancy from the surrounding stratum of lime.

Very tight about the waist, very voluminous as to skirt, twinkling with glass jewellery and spangles, fluttering with many-coloured ribbons, surmounted with a bonnet (really a bonnet) of the latest and loudest bazaar pattern, with her hands (or rather his, for all the performers were men) crammed into a long pair of white kid gloves, fair Imogen first advanced, accompanied by her torch-bearer. This functionary was arrayed in his everyday Singhalese costume, which was of the most scanty description; his torch was a common chule, or long fagot saturated with oil, such as is used by the natives when travelling in the night. His duty was to hold the torch in such positions as to exhibit to the best advantage the sheen of the jewels and brilliancy of the ribbons, which served to increase the personal beauties of the princess.

A step forward and a half-turn to the right, another step and a half-turn to the left, the hands and arms at the same time rising and falling *à la mode* of the oriental dancer, and all expression of countenance entirely concealed by the mask of lime and vermilion—in this manner Imogen passed round the whole circumference of the stage. The torch frequently came into such close proximity to her as to threaten a total destruction, not only of her finery, but of herself. However, she accomplished her manœuvres unhurt, and returned, well pleased with the admiration she had excited, to her seat; there spreading out her skirts, she composedly resumed her former position, and proceeded to light her cigar from the half-extinguished torch of her attendant. This she calmly smoked, whilst one by one the remainder of the *dramatis persone* favoured us with a similar exhibition of their braveries.

The various costumes of the characters were indescribable; but Cymbeline and his queen wore immensely high crowns, somewhat in the shape of a mitre, glaring with beads and tinsel jewellery. 'A Roman captain' and 'two British captains' were attired in the full uniform of privates of Her Majesty's infantry of the line, from the shako to the ammunition boots, and were girt with swords of prodigious length and rustiness.

As it was now nearly ten o'clock, and the overture was still unfinished, we were glad to be informed that only one more 'character' had to be exhibited before the play began in earnest: this turned out to be true; and the last of the procession having resumed his seat and cigar, the tom-toms and horns suddenly ceased: the first speaker advanced *solus* to the front of the stage, and proclaimed in a shrill melancholy monotone (to nobody in particular) that 'he did not meet a man but frowned,' &c., after which statement, he retired to the bench, and was succeeded by No. 2, who inquired (also of nobody in particular), 'Why, what's the matter?' and again sat down. Such was the action throughout. No two persons ever appeared together, no actor ever addressed another, at least while I and my friends were among the audience.

However, as the performance of this one play lasted for four nights, and the same number attended every night, always seeming much pleased, we may hope that, even though Mr de S——'s well-meant endeavour to raise the intellectual tone of his countrymen may have been a failure, he nevertheless afforded them a perfectly innocent amusement.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

**SPRING-TIME** is the season when art looks for triumphs, if not for ovals. The Royal Albert Hall is already becoming a familiar thing, and is thought less wonderful than at first, while critics of the atrabilious kind pronounce it a failure; Flower-shows are diffusing their fragrance, and occasioning more or less of sensation; and the Royal Academy is about to open its doors.

Ever since last November, when Sir Edward Sabine announced his intention to retire from the presidency of the Royal Society, the Society have been considering the difficult question of his successor. Mr G. B. Airy, the Astronomer-royal, has agreed to accept the office of President should he



be elected at the anniversary meeting next November.

Electric clocks, though very useful, are liable, when kept in motion by a voltaic battery, to get out of order: the points of contact become foul from the number of sparks constantly passing; and the battery requires to be renewed from time to time. To overcome this difficulty, Sir Charles Wheatstone has improved his magnetic clock, and made it the perfection of a time-keeper, for it works without a battery; moreover it will keep fifty or sixty other clocks going at the same rate in any part of the same house. Sir Charles has also made such improvements in his magnetic bells, by substituting a small magnet for a large one, that their cost is largely reduced, while their efficiency is in no way diminished. His automatic telegraph, a remarkably simple instrument, which will send ninety-five words in a minute through five wires at the same time, is a favourite at the Post-office. The economical advantage it confers will be obvious to every one.

A paper has been read at the Institution of Civil Engineers on *Phonic Fog-signals*, to be used at sea, or along coasts. It was shewn that the best means for producing the required sounds were the whistle and the trumpet: blown by a steam-engine, they would be loud enough. But the author, Mr Beazeley, has long believed that the vast dynamical power afforded by the rise and fall of the tide will some day be made use of to produce the required noise. If so, this power could be employed in situations where a steam-engine could not be introduced.

A new process called *heliotype*, by which photographs can be printed independently of light, and in a permanent style, is attracting attention. It may be thus briefly described. The photograph is taken on a sheet of gelatine; this sheet is fastened down upon a plate of metal, and after a little preparation, in which sponge and water play a part, can be printed from as if it were an engraved block. Ordinary printing-ink laid on with a roller is used; and the sheet is printed in an ordinary printing-press, and with a remarkable preservation of the lights and half-tones. Oil-paintings, engravings, chalk-drawings, and anything, living or dead, that can be photographed, may, by this process, be reproduced and multiplied in a permanent form; and when a sufficient number of impressions has been taken, the sheet of gelatine can be lifted from the plate, and laid aside for future use. This is obviously a very important addition to the resources of art: from three hundred to four hundred impressions can be taken in a day, quite independently of weather; and, if required, the picture can be printed along with type in the pages of a book. Specimens were exhibited at the conversation given by the President of the Royal Society at Burlington House, including chalk-drawings by the old Italian masters, landscapes, buildings, engravings, sea-pieces, maps, and a number of shattered and wounded bones from the recent battle-fields in France, intended to illustrate a work on Surgery. All these specimens were reproduced with such skill, that, in many cases, it would have been difficult to distinguish them from the originals.

The Society of Arts, keeping up their discussions of useful subjects, have come to the conclusion that beet-root sugar may be profitably manufactured

in this country. In Suffolk, the cultivation of the root appears to be carried on in earnest; and Dr Voelcker, F.R.S., the well-known agricultural chemist, has told farmers how to prepare their land and grow the root to best advantage. It will be a very remarkable fact if beet-sugar can really be made to pay in England, while such enormous supplies come to us from the tropics. In the United States alone, the annual crop of sugar is more than one hundred and twenty-four million pounds.

Deep ploughing is essential for good beet-root as well as for other crops, and Mr Thomson of Edinburgh, whose turnpike-road locomotive, with india-rubber tires, we noticed last year, has invented and constructed a machine which will run up and down a field, draw a plough, and do many other kinds of farm-work. It has been fairly tried in heavy land, through which it drew merrily a plough that makes three furrows at once; and whatever be the work it is set to do, the cost is much less than when done with horse and cart. As to its capabilities, we are informed that this active agrarian locomotive will run home a crop from the fields, fetch lime and manure and deliver it on any part of the farm, drag out roots of trees, saw timber, and thrash grain.

A paper by Mr Glaisher, published in the *Proceedings of the Meteorological Society*, on the cold weather of the past winter, contains a few particulars which may interest general readers. In the fifty-seven years ending 1870, there were but two periods of longer duration of cold weather—namely, in 1814, from January 1 to January 25, and 1819, December 24 to January 18. In 1870-71, the severe frost lasted twenty-four days, and included the coldest Christmas-day since 1860. But the weather-records of the last century shew a much more rigorous state of the temperature. Thus, we are told that in 1774, the year began with severe frost, and for nearly two months the ground was frost-bound; and similar severity occurred four times within the next ten years. These facts would seem to imply that our climate has parted with some of its rigour; on the other hand, there are observers who predict that we are about to have a series of very cold winters.

The remark has been made more than once, that Australia represents a geological condition which on this side of the globe prevailed long ago, in the far-remote past. Living animals have there been discovered which on this side of the globe are found in a fossil state only; and another example has recently been sent from Queensland to the British Museum, where it is preserved in the zoological department. This additional example is a fish, described by naturalists as *Ceratodus*, which was captured alive in a Queensland river. It is more than two feet in length, and belongs to the order described as *ganoid*, from the brightness of their scales. A full account of this remarkable fish, by Dr Günther of the British Museum, will appear in the *Philosophical Transactions*. The fossil specimens found in our hemisphere do not come down beyond the Oolitic formation; there they cease, and a new order takes their place.

This discovery suggests once more the question: Has Australia yet to undergo such a grand series of convulsions as have taken place since ganoid fishes lived in the lakes and rivers of the northern hemisphere? In some respects, Australia is an anomalous and unfinished country; and it may be

that some day chains of mountains will be heaved up in that vast island, whereby its climate will be ameliorated, and springs and rivers will fertilise its now terrible wastes of desert.

In a recent discussion at the Odontological Society, the notion was thrown out, that the teeth have a higher office than that commonly assigned to them—namely, that of merely crushing or masticating the food. They are to be regarded as endowed with a tactile sense, a discriminating faculty, correspondent to that possessed by the muscles and nerves of the eye and ear. Teeth, it was remarked, have an extreme delicacy of discernment, both as to whether the objects comminuted be suitable as food, or such as will irritate the delicate lining of the œsophagus. How speedily do the teeth detect the smallest particle of cinder that has found its way into a freshly baked biscuit, and yet both are pulverised with much the same force and sound.

The Royal Sanitary Commission, after two years of inquiry, have presented their Report; and in due time parliament will be called on to make it the basis of legal enactments. The great heap of confusion formed by the existing laws, some very old, and others contradictory, is to be cleared away, and a series of connected and consolidated laws is to take their place. In lieu of a number of permissive acts, as at present, one central authority, responsible for the whole law, is to be established in every locality.

If the propositions of the Report are carried out, a new department of the state will be created, under which the sanitary law and the poor-law will be administered. It is obvious that this concentration would prevent that waste of power, accompanied at times by cross-purposes, which now takes place. With a moderate addition to their number and their duties, the inspectors at present employed might set the sanitary law in operation all over the kingdom, and see that it was maintained in vigour. This once achieved, we may believe that all needful reforms and improvements essential to the public health would speedily follow. But there is to be no despotism: local self-government is to be encouraged. The inspectors and other officers employed under the central authority are to see that the local authorities do their duty, not to supersede them.

Among items from beyond the Atlantic, we gather that the gas-wells in Ohio continue to discharge gas in considerable quantities. These wells are sunk by boring in the valley of the Kokosing, some of them to a depth of six hundred feet; and the yield of carburetted hydrogen is so great, that at the mouth of a two-inch pipe it produced a flame twenty feet high, 'and as large round as a hog's head.' The quality is described as pure, and the quantity sufficient to light a large city. From some of the wells, intermittent jets of salt water are thrown to a hundred feet in height, and others pour out a few gallons of oil. These are noteworthy facts in the history of the oil-bearing strata which have added so largely to the mineral resources of the United States.—The question as to the head-waters of the great river Amazon appears now to be settled by Mr E. G. Squier, who has travelled widely in Brazil. In a paper read before the American Geographical Society, he states that the Marañon and the Ucayali unite to form the Amazon, and that the length of the Ucayali exceeds

that of the Marañon by some hundreds of miles, besides being of greater volume. The Ucayali is navigable a distance of 772 miles; and the Uru-bamba, which flows into it, a further distance of 216 miles, by small vessels; and this highest point of the navigation is not more than 220 miles from Cuzco, the capital of the most populous province of Peru. Here, then, we have a way opened across the American continent at its broadest part, which ere long may be tried by enterprising tourists; and we may believe that a grand future awaits those vast fertile regions on the lower slopes of the Andes.

Professor Gould, who has gone to superintend a new observatory founded by the government of the Argentine Republic at Cordova, in his remarks about the climate, gives a few particulars, which exemplify its extreme dryness. 'A bowl of water,' he says, 'left uncovered in the morning is dry at night; ink vanishes from the inkstand, and becomes thick almost by magic; the bodies of animals, left exposed, dry up instead of decomposing; and neither active exercise nor exposure to the sun's rays cause perceptible perspiration.'

By official Reports from India, we learn that the coal-fields in the district of Berar are much more extensive than had been supposed, and at a moderate depth below the surface. In one place, a bed of coal more than thirty feet thick was struck at a depth of not more than seventy-seven feet. The Damuda field has an area of 149 miles, with an average thickness of forty feet. And in other districts, beds of iron ore from nine feet to seventeen feet thick have been discovered. Does all this denote that India is about to have a 'Black Country'?

#### RESIGNATION.

To me here sitting by the fire alone,  
Musing upon my lonely latter years,  
And the great griefs that I therein have known,  
Sad thoughts come with the mastery of tears;  
And more than ever now my life seems one  
Scarce worth the living; and my tearful Past  
To a more tearful Future hands me on,  
Henceforth with her to wander to the last.  
Yet, though the worst come, and resplendent Hope  
Wholly withdraw her gleaming orb so fair,  
Already, like the moon in yonder cope,  
Waned to a crescent—I will not despair.  
Despair I will not, whate'er befall,  
But own God's providence, and bear with all.

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